



# FEATURE

COMICS

OCTOBER



THE DOLL MAN



RANCE KEANE



SAMAR



SPIN SHAW



NO. 37 • 10c

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;  
It's speed and strength we like.  
That's why he runs a streamlined train  
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;  
His plane is always ready.  
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—  
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,  
Breezing ahead of the rest,  
As president of the cycle club  
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;  
Picking up things for dad,  
I'm the Minute Man of the family  
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cyclolock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other exclusive Schwinn features.

Then let the gang stand back and admire the surging grace and super strength of America's finest bicycle . . . the bike that's waiting to whisk you to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

## ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO



# The **DOLL MAN**

By William Ervin Maxwell

INTRODUCING THE LAUGHING  
PUPPETEER, WHOSE MARIONETTES  
ARE 'ALMOST HUMAN' ! ! !

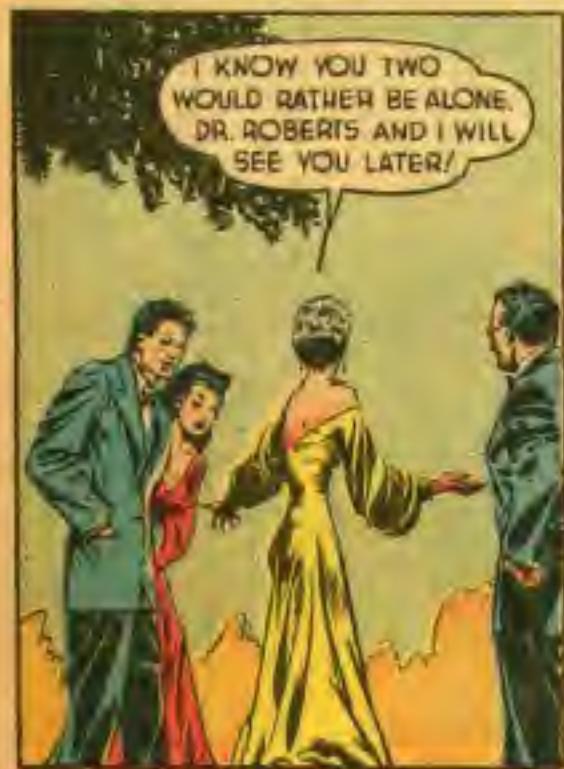
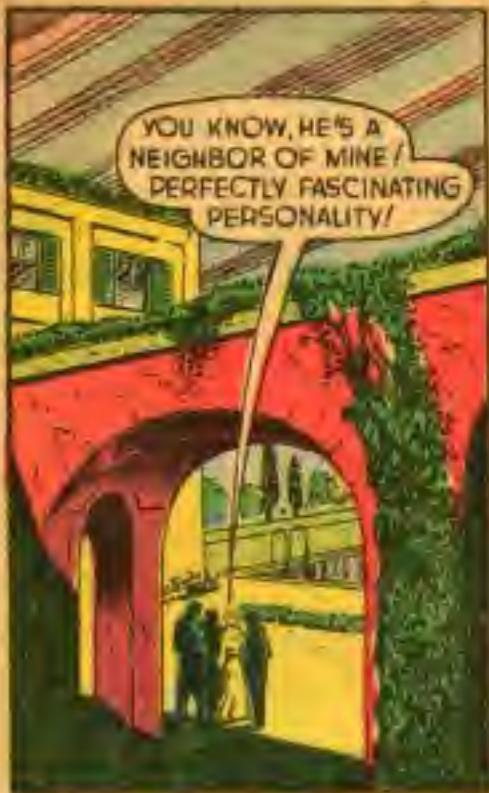
DARREL DANE, MARTHA, AND  
DR. ROBERTS ARRIVE AT A  
FASHIONABLE LAWN PARTY.

HERE COMES  
OUR HOSTESS....  
BRIMMING OVER WITH  
CHARM!

DARREL, MARTHA!  
MY DEARS, I'M SO  
DELIGHTED TO SEE  
YOU... OH, AND  
DR. ROBERTS!

AND WHAT A SURPRISE I  
HAVE FOR YOU! THE FAMOUS  
'BOMBASTO' IS GOING TO  
GIVE US A SHOW TONIGHT!







AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, THE PUPPET MASTER PACKS HIS 'CAST' AND HEADS FOR THE NEXT ESTATE... HIS HOME....



THE VAN UNLOADS BEFORE A FORMIDABLE MANSION....



SOON THE GREAT CAULDRON IS IN READINESS....

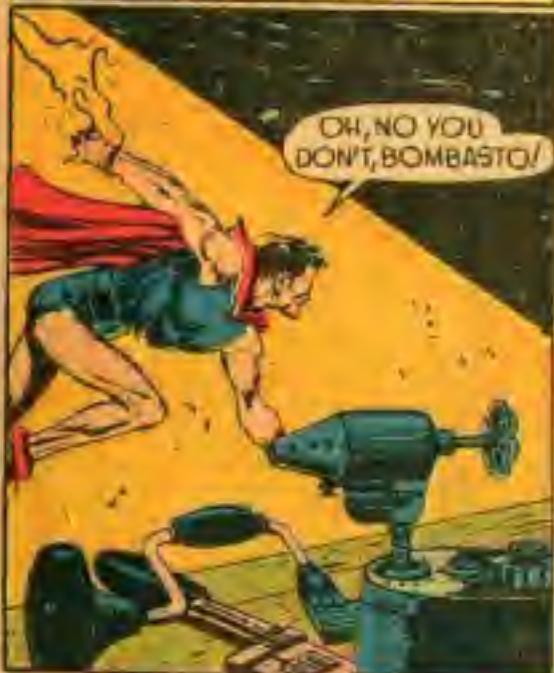
AH HA! HO! HO! SOON YOU WILL BE TRANSFORMED FROM AN ORDINARY WOMAN INTO A GLAMOROUS LITTLE JULIET!



SUDDENLY, THE STRING SNAPS AND THE DOLL MAN FLIES INTO ACTION....

LIKE A STICK OF TNT, THE DOLL MAN STRIKES....

BOMBASTO CRASHES TO THE HARD FLOOR....



HE QUICKLY RELEASES MARTHA....

TOGETHER THEY ESCAPE THE ROOM...

BOMBASTO SCREAMS IN RAGE...



BUT BOMBASTO HAS MEN STATIONED TO COPE WITH SUCH AN EMERGENCY!



THEY DO NOT SEE THE LITTLE FIGURE WHO LEAPS INTO THE BATTLE....



MARTHA, OVERPOWERED, IS LED STRUGGLING BACK INTO THE BLOODY HOUSE....



AT LAST, THE MEN SUCCEED IN CAPTURING THE DOLL MAN UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF HEAVY BODIES...



MEANWHILE, DR. ROBERTS TAKES A WALK....



A SCREAM! IT CAME FROM BOMBASTO'S PLACE!!



HE PARTS THE HEDGES AND CRAWLS THROUGH....



THE PLACE IS DARK, BUT I'M SURE I HEARD SOMEONE CRY!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND! HE WAS A QUEER DUCK! YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



FROM THE DARKNESS COMES AN URGENT WHISPER....



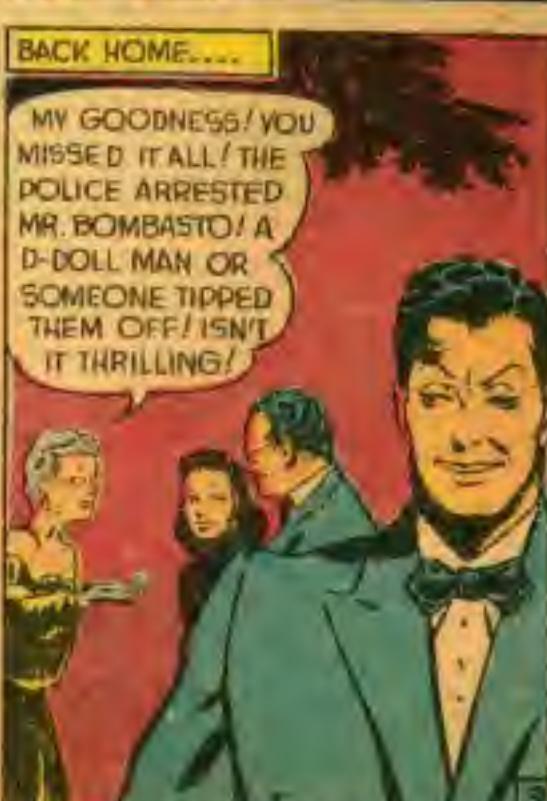




MEANWHILE, GIUSEPPE PLANS HIS OWN MURDER... STEALTHILY HE APPROACHES MARTHA, WHO IS TIED UP IN A CHAIR...



THE SMOKE HARDLY CLEARS WHEN THE DOLL MAN LEAPS UPON HIS SHOULDER.



# RANCE KEANE

BY  
WILL ARTHUR

RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE LEE HAVE BEEN IN NEW YORK CITY ABOUT 48 HOURS AND TROUBLE HAS ALREADY PICKED THEM OUT AS SPECIAL PALS... FOR INSTANCE, RANCE IS SITTING IN KIDD'S RESTAURANT, ONE OF A BIG CHAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY HIS COMPANION, PROFESSOR ENGLISH LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS THROWING CROCKERY THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS.....



WAITER'S POUNCE ON THE PROFESSOR.... AFTER HE'S SMASHED EVERY WINDOW IN THE PLACE!

I MUST SEE THE MANAGER OF THESE RESTAURANTS AT ONCE.....

DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!



WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET ABOUT?

MANAGER

THIS MAN HAS WRECKED THE PLACE MR. TALBOT!

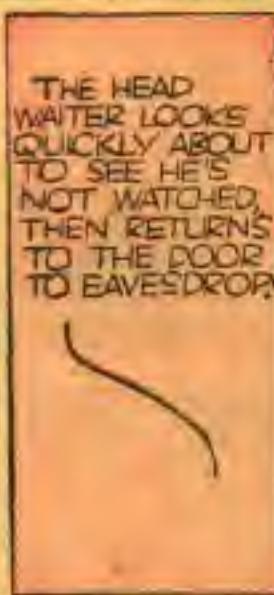


WELL, SIR, I'VE SENT THE HEAD-WAITER AWAY AS YOU REQUESTED. NOW, HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO EXPLAIN YOUR CONDUCT?

THE HEAD WAITER LOOKS QUICKLY ABOUT TO SEE HE'S NOT WATCHED, THEN RETURNS TO THE DOOR TO EAVESDROP!

I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF. NOW WE'RE ALONE! YOU WERE APPROACHED BY A MASKED MAN NOT LONG AGO. HE DEMANDED 'PROTECTION MONEY' FROM YOUR CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS. YOU REFUSED HIM!

GREAT SCOTT, HOW DID YOU KNOW?



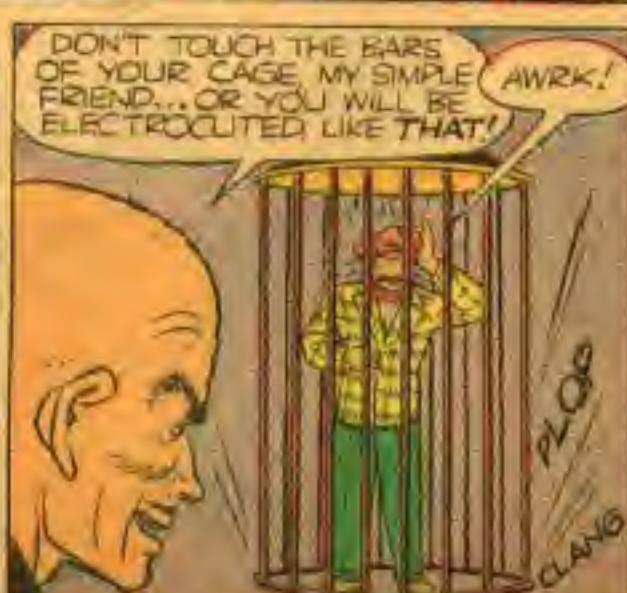
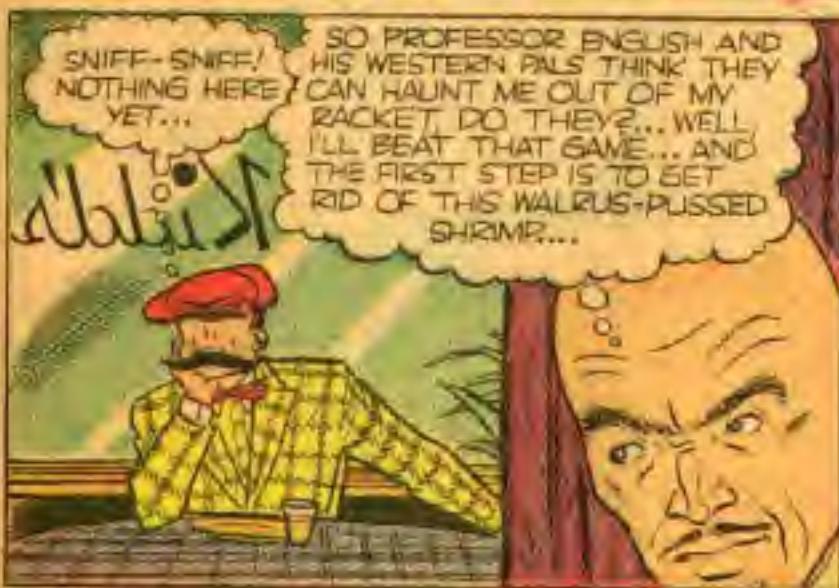
...IF I HADN'T BROKEN ALL YOUR WINDOWS, EVERYONE IN THE PLACE WOULD'VE BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY A PESTILENCE SO DEADLY THAT 99 OUT OF 100 OF THEM WOULD'VE DIED IN FIVE MINUTES!

HORRIBLE! I SHALL REPORT TO THE POLICE AT ONCE!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT; IT WOULD RUIN ME... BECAUSE I INVENTED AND MADE THE PESTILENTIAL VAPOR THAT CROOK IS THREATENING YOU WITH!

HE'S RIGHT, SIR. THAT'S HOW PROFESSOR ENGLISH KNOWS ABOUT THE MASKED MAN, YOU SEE!





THE NOTE  
FROM  
PEE WEE...

Dere Rance  
the man in  
case #77 sez for  
you two to lay  
off the restraints  
or I go "west."  
Pee wee.

BY GOLLY, LOLA, I DIDN'T  
THINK PEE WEE HAD ENOUGH  
BRAINS TO THINK UP A NOTE  
LIKE THIS.....

THE NOTE'S FROM  
PEE WEE? WHERE DID  
THAT MESSENGER GO?  
WE COULD TRACE  
HIM.....

WHERE ARE YOU  
GOING, RANCE?  
THE MESSENGER...

NEVER MIND THE  
MESSENGER, LOLA. NOW  
FOR POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS, AND THEN TO  
THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SANITATION. COMING?

AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS  
RANCE GETS  
PERMISSION TO  
CARRY HIS SIX-  
SHOOTER... A  
NOTE FROM THE  
COMMISSIONER  
INTRODUCES HIM  
TO THE HEAD  
OF THE DEPART-  
MENT OF  
SANITATION....

IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND  
DEATH, SIR. I'VE GOT TO HAVE  
AN EMERGENCY CREW TO WORK  
WITH ME AND GUIDE ME THROUGH  
THE STORM SEWER ON WEST  
77TH STREET!

IN HALF AN  
HOUR, RANCE  
AND THE  
EMERGENCY  
CREW GO  
TO WORK...

LOLA, YOU STAND  
OPPOSITE THE DOOR  
OF #422 ON THIS BLOCK.  
KEEP IN THE SHADOWS,  
AND KEEP YOUR EYES  
OPEN!

O.K., RANCE,  
YOU'RE THE  
DOCTOR!

THERE IT IS! PEE WEE  
HIT IT RIGHT ON THE  
NOSE! SOMEBODY CUT  
A MANWAY RIGHT IN  
THE TOP OF THIS  
SEWER!

WANT A BOOST  
THROUGH THAT  
HOLE, KEANE?

O.K. FELLOWS, I WON'T  
NEED YOU ANY MORE.  
CLOSE THE MAN-HOLE...  
AND THANKS FOR  
SHOWING ME AROUND  
TOWN!

GOOD  
LUCK,  
FELLOW!

CAUTIOUSLY,  
RANCE EASES  
THROUGH A  
DOOR AT THE  
END OF A  
SHORT PAS-  
SAGEWAY....  
FROM BEHIND  
A HEAVY DRAPE  
HE HEARS  
PEE WEE'S  
VOICE!!

GO AHEAD, YOU SIDEWINDER!  
ELECTROCUTE ME! BUT DON'T  
FORGET, RANCE KEANE'LL BE ON  
YOUR TAIL TILL HE CATCHES YOU...  
AND THAT'S THE DAY YOU'LL  
DIE!

YOU  
TALK  
TOO  
MUCH!



BEFORE RANCE CAN SWING HIS GUN AROUND, THE BACKETTER SLIPS THROUGH THE PANELED WALL AT HIS BACK AND DISAPPEARS... RANCE POUNCES AFTER HIM LIKE A TIGER....



AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY RANCE JERKS THE REINS FROM A STARTLED MOUNTED COP WHO'S TRYING TO LINSNAR A TRAFFIC JAM....



AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT UNTIL RANCE, PEE WEE, LOLA, AND PROFESSOR ENGLISH GET TOGETHER IN THE SECRET CHAMBER WHERE PEE WEE NEARLY MET HIS END....

PEE WEE, THAT NOTE YOU SENT ME WAS AN INSPIRATION... THE BULLET TOLD ME TO EXPECT A FIGHT, AND THE WAY YOU BURIED THE ADDRESS RIGHT IN THE MESSAGE... 422 WEST 77TH!!

AND THE INDIAN SIGN FOR RAIN WITH A PICTURE OF THE SEWER SO RANCE KNOW HE WAS SUPPOSED TO FIND THE SECRET ENTRANCE IN THE STORM SEWER! HOW'D YOU EVER THINK IT UP SO FAST?

WELL, I MAY BE PRETTY DUMB SOMETIMES, BUT I CAN THINK WHEN I WANNA... I MEAN, IF I JUST PLAIN GOT TO!



More thrilling adventures of Rance Keane in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

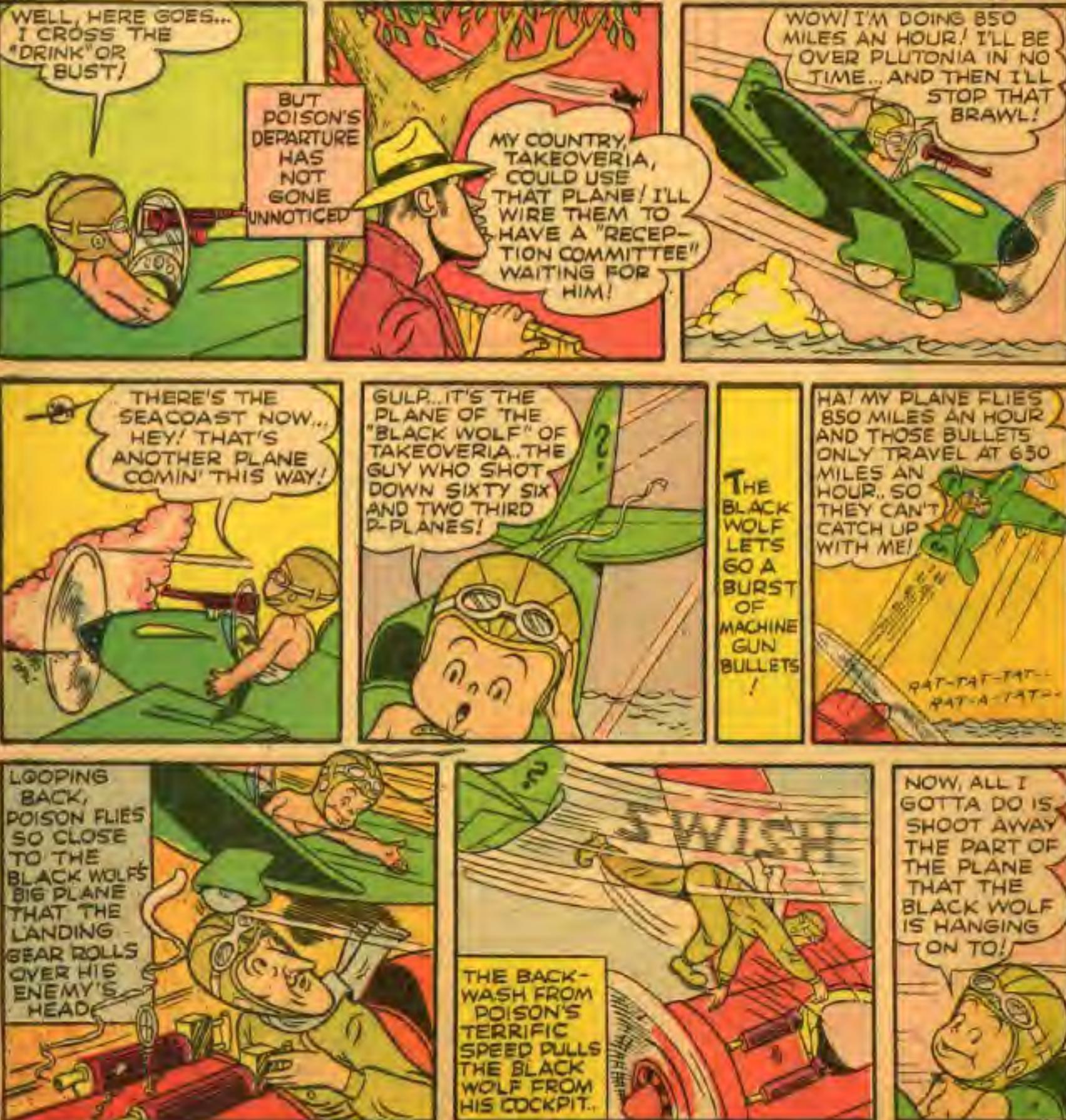
# POISON IVY

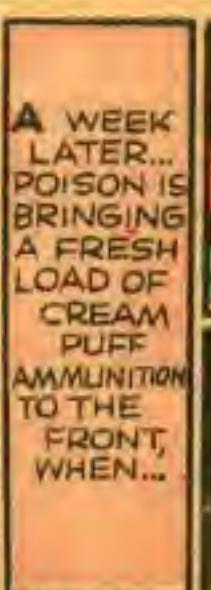
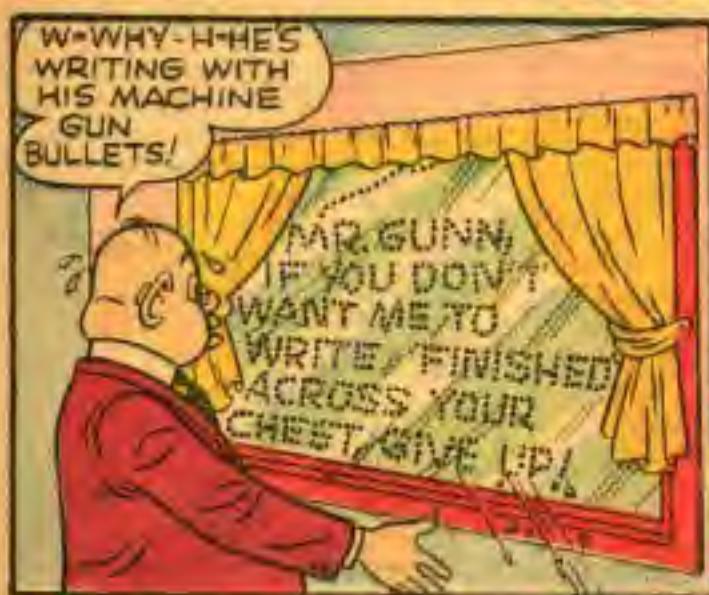
THE MIGHTY MITE

by  
GILBERT THEODORE

POISON HAS JUST FINISHED  
BUILDING THE SMALLEST,  
FASTEAST FIGHTING PLANE  
IN THE WORLD!

BOY! SHE'S A BEAUTY!  
NOW IF IT'LL FLY,  
I'LL CROSS THE  
OCEAN AN' STOP  
THAT BIG PLUTONIAN  
WAR!



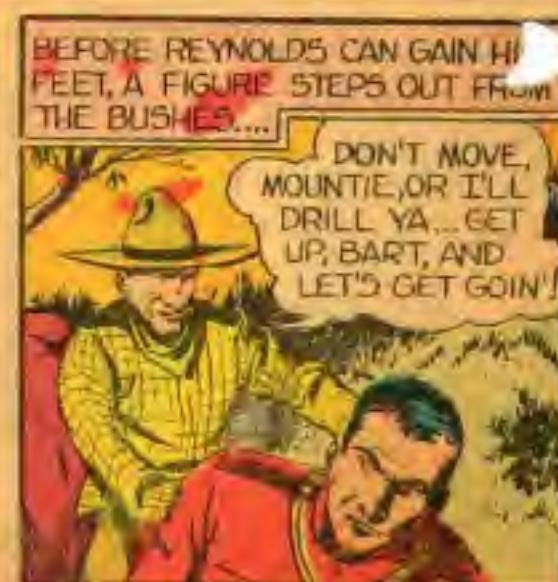
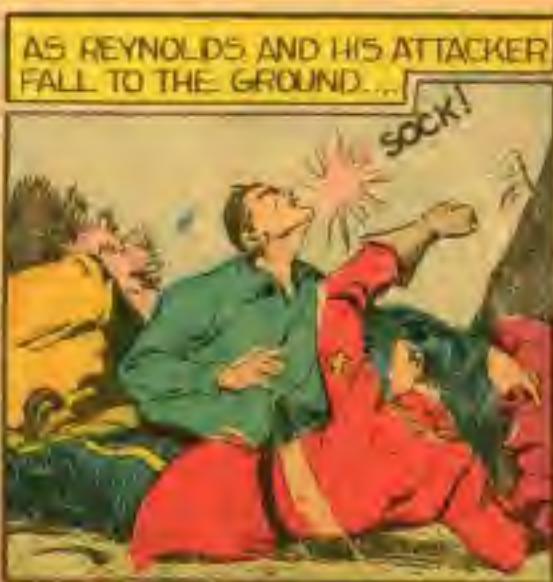
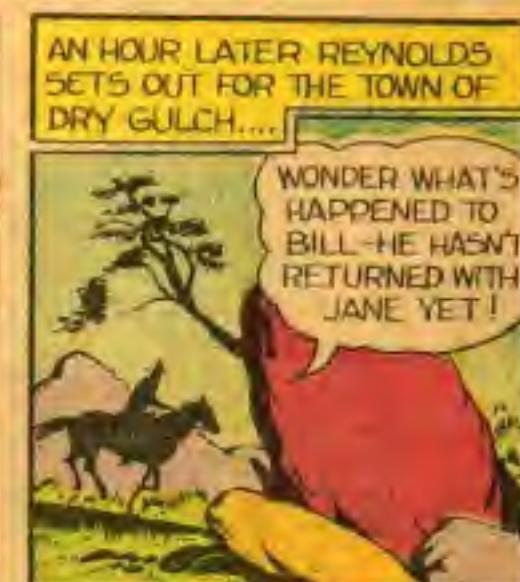


Read Poison Ivy in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.

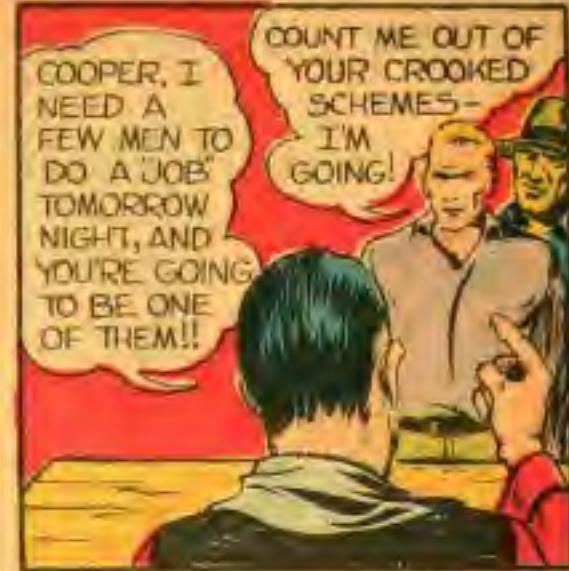
# REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ON THE MOVIE SET OF "CALL OF THE NORTH",  
A PRODUCTION BEING FILMED BY PIONEER  
FILMS, SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS TALKING WITH  
HIS FRIEND BILL COOPER, ONE OF THE EXTRAS...

ART  
DINKWAN



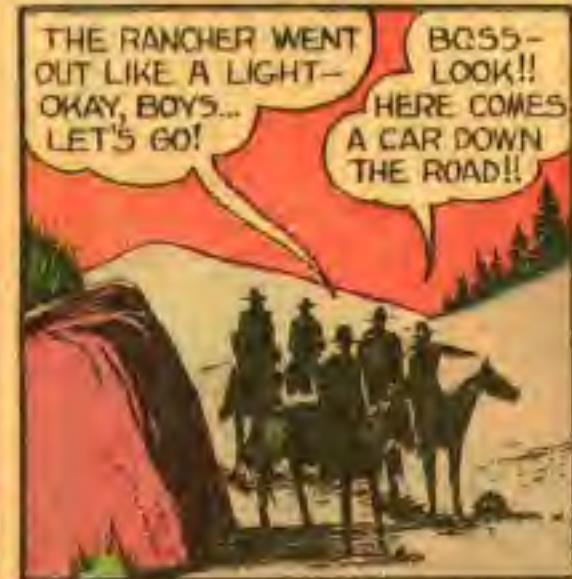
MEANWHILE IN DRY GULCH...

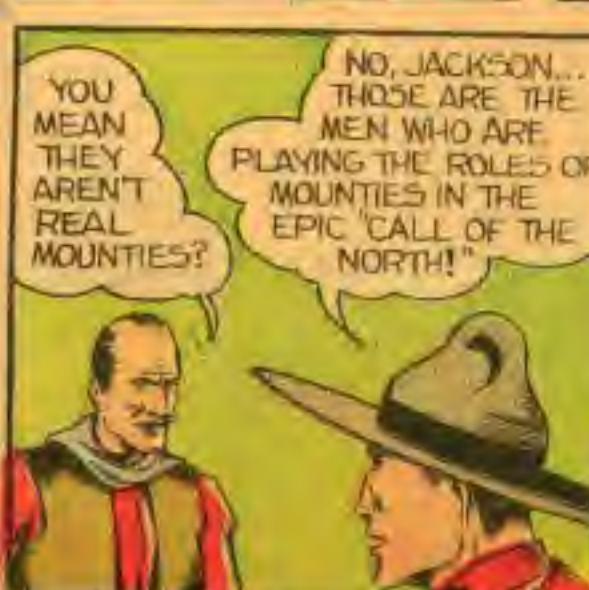


MEANWHILE, REYNOLDS HAS BEEN TAKEN TO JACKSON'S HIDEOUT...









Another fast moving episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the November issue.

# ZERO

## GHOST DETECTIVE

by Noel Fowler

MUTINY ON A GHOSTLY  
GALLEON BREAKS THE SPELL  
OF ANCIENT PIRATE TREASURE

HELP! OH,  
SAVE  
ME!

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL SCREAMING  
AND TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF  
IS LED TO ZERO'S DOOR.

ZERO RUSHES TO THE HYSTERIC  
AL GIRL'S SIDE.

HERE YOU ARE  
YOU'LL FEEL  
BETTER WHEN  
YOU DRINK  
THIS!

SHE WAS  
RUNNING  
SCREAMING  
ACROSS THE  
BEACH WHEN  
I FOUND  
HER!

SOON SHE REVIVES ENOUGH  
TO TELL HER STORY.

I WAS CLIMBING THE REEFS  
NEAR THE OLD WRECK, WHEN  
I SAW SOMETHING COMING  
TOWARD ME... IT WAS  
A... OH, I CAN'T  
REMEMBER!

THE ANCIENT FRIGATE 'FLYING  
SKULL', WRECKED MANY YEARS  
AGO, LIES ON A ROCKY REEF...

WE  
SHALL  
GO AND  
SEE FOR  
OUR  
SELVES!



LEAVING SHEILA ON THE ROCKS,  
ZERO AND HER FIANCÉ, DON,  
WADE OUT TO THE WEATHER-  
BEATEN HULK...



THE GHOSTLY BRIGANDS MURMUR ANGRILY ABOUT THE GIRL.

WE CAN'T SAIL WITH HER ABOARD! SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT THE GOLD. TOSS HER TO THE SHARKS!



SHEILA, COME WITH ME! YOU ARE FREE. THOSE BINDINGS ARE NOT REAL. JUST STEP AWAY FROM THE MAST!



I CANNOT MOVE MY HANDS! I AM A CAPTIVE HERE! THEY WILL KILL ME!



SHE IS PARALYZED BY THE SPELL OF THE HALLUCINATION, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!

A PLAN? I WANT ACTION! I'LL FREE HER MYSELF!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR AND ANGER, DON TURNS ON THE PIRATE CHIEF, BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE, DON! THERE'S NOTHING THERE!



ER...UH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

HA! HA! NOW LET ME HANDLE THIS!



BY A DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO HIM, ZERO IS ABLE TO THROW HIS VOICE INTO THE PAST, AND THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE PIRATE CHIEF...

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. THE GIRL WILL MAKE THE TRIP WITH US! HER FAIR FACE PLEASES ME!



AS ZERO HAD PLANNED, THE PIRATE CREW FLARES UP IN ANGER.



OR WHAT? AND IF WE REFUSE TO RISK OUR LIVES WITH THIS WOMAN ABOARD? WHAT THEN?







Zero, Ghost Detective, appears each month in **FEATURE COMICS**.

ZERO TRACKS THE SUPERNATURAL IN ANOTHER GHOSTLY ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH...

# SPIN SHAW

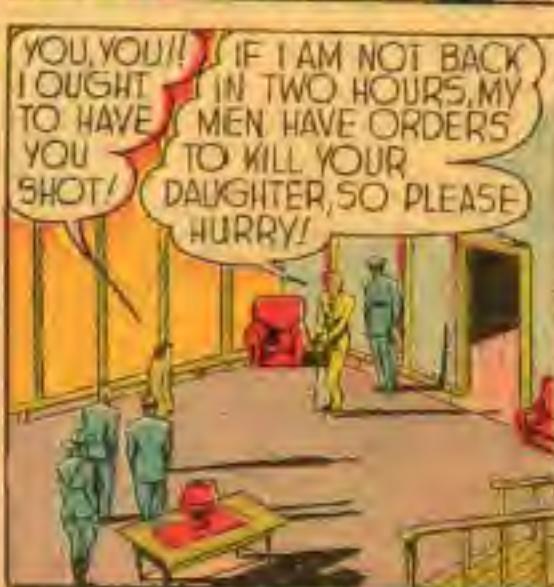
## OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

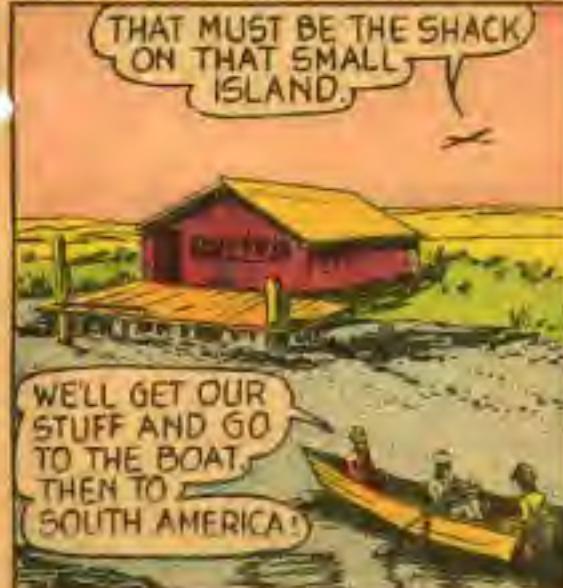
BY REX SMITH

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY BREAKING UP A SABOTAGE RING IN SOUTH AMERICA, SPIN SHAW RETURNS TO THE STATES A FETED HERO . . .









CUTTING THE MOTOR, SPIN EXPERTLY GUIDES THE SHIP DOWN IN A DEAD STICK LANDING.

FIELD LOOKS PRETTY SOGGY!



WHEW! MADE IT! IF THEY DIDN'T SEE US WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



AU REVOIR, MY FAIR ONE. WE WILL WIRE YOUR WHEREABOUTS FROM THE SHIP WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE THE POLICE ZONE.



ONCE WE'RE PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT, WE'LL BE SAFE AND...

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUTSIDE THE LIMIT, COUNT. PUT UP YOUR HANDS!



PEP! SPIN!

HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE?

BY SIMPLY FOLLOWING YOUR CAR IN OUR PLANE.



UNKNOWN TO SPIN, A THIRD THUG STEALS UP BEHIND THEM.



LOOK OUT, SPIN!



AS SPIN AND PEP STUMBLE OFF BALANCE, THE KIDNAPPERS RUSH AT THEM AND KNOCK THEM OUT.



LEMME PUT A SLUG IN 'EM, CHIEF!

NO TIME. GRAB THEIR HELMETS. WE'LL FLY TO CANADA!

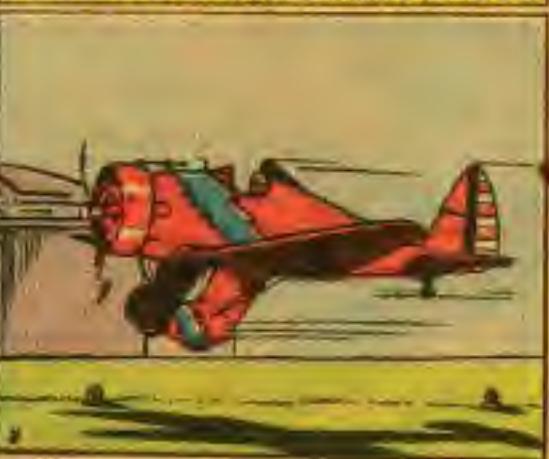


A FEW MINUTES LATER.

SPIN! SPIN! HURRY! THEY'VE TAKEN THE PLANE TO CANADA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. PEP WILL SET ME FREE!

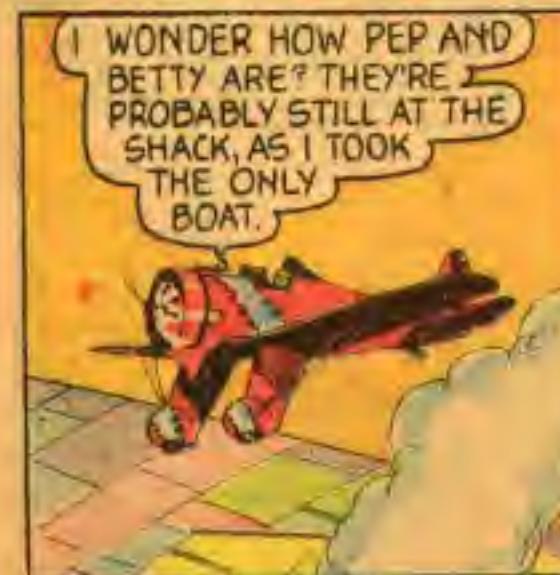


QUICKLY ROWING ACROSS THE BAY, SPIN HAILS A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT FROM A PASSING CAR. HERE HE BORROWS A FAST ARMY PLANE.



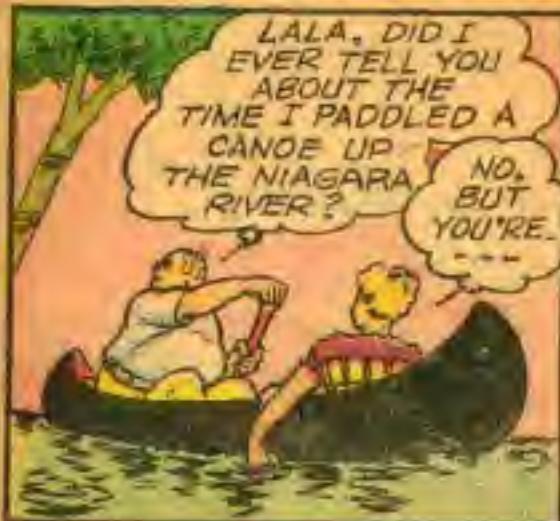
THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, SPIN SPEEDS TOWARD CANADA IN A WILD HOPE OF OVERTAKING THE THIEVES.





Follow Spin Shaw in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.

# LALA PALOOZA



# LALA PALOOZA

IF I ONLY  
HAD TWO  
SKINS!"

CHOWDER  
PARTY  
PILSNER GROVE  
ALL YOU CAN  
EAT AND DRINK  
\$2.00 PER



Enjoy Lala Palooza and Vincent in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# RUSTY Ryan

OF  
BOYVILLE

by  
Paul  
Quasten

CAPPY RICKS ADDRESSES THE  
ASSEMBLY AT BOYVILLE....

BEFORE WE GO WE'LL  
SING OUR SCHOOL  
SONG...



WHILE AT THE SCHOOL STABLES.

EASY, PRINCE! WHY MUST YOU  
GET SO EXCITED EVERY  
TIME YOU HEAR OUR  
SCHOOL SONG?



LOOK OUT,  
RUSTY! THERE  
HE GOES AGAIN!



GOSH! LOOKIT HIM GO! IF HE  
RUNS RIGHT INTO THE ASSEM-  
BLY HALL AGAIN CAPPY RICKS  
WILL BE MAD AS  
BLAZES!



...AND SURE ENOUGH....

WHAT? PRINCE  
AGAIN?



WELL! NOW ARE YOU  
SATISFIED, YOU BAD BOY?  
YOU BROKE UP OUR  
ASSEMBLY AGAIN!



W-WE'RE SORRY ABOUT PRINCE  
CAPPY JENKS... WE JUST....

YOU BOYS SEE ME  
IN MY OFFICE....  
LATER!



AS RUSTY AND SMILEY GO TO  
THE MASTER'S OFFICE....

WAIT, SMILEY! THERE'S  
SOMEONE IN THERE  
WITH CAPPY NOW!



I'M SORRY I HAD TO BREAK  
THIS NEWS TO YOU,  
CAPPY...

\$15,000!  
WOW!!

I CAN'T RAISE THAT MUCH  
MONEY TO COVER THOSE  
NOTES... AND IT'LL BE HARD  
ON THE BOYS TO KNOW THAT  
THE SCHOOL MUST REALLY  
CLOSE DOWN!









Another absorbing adventure of Rusty Ryan in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

# HAVE a LAUGH



## HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

WHO WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL HAPERS,  
RODE HIS BIKE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS,  
WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP,  
HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOOR—  
THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS!



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A PENSION,  
SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION.  
BUT HIS FOOT ON THE WHEEL,  
WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL,  
MADE HIM STOP LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT HERMOS,  
AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING SERVICE?  
WHY OUR TREES, AND OUR POSTS,  
WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS,  
WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UNNEEDED USE!



MIKE'S DAD, WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUINION,  
PHONED THE BIKESTORE THIS RED-HOT INSTRUCTION:  
"RUSH OUT A NEW BIKE—  
"EASY GOOD MAKE YOU LIKE—  
"ONLY, HURRY, BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!"



"AND MAKE SURE THAT IT'S MORROW,  
"OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK, TO YOUR SORROW!  
"THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY,  
"SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY—  
"BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY, RED, OR SORROW!"



Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake. Made by Bando, world's foremost auto brake builder. Your dealer can furnish  
**MORROW Coaster Brake**

on any bike—ask for it.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
ECLIPSE STATION CORPORATION  
Chicago, Illinoi

TAP TRAP!

# Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

IN HARRY FRANCIS CARTWHEEL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, HAVE BEEN MADE TO RESEMBLE TWINS BY PLASTIC SURGERY—THUS THEY WAR ON SPIES.

IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORIES OF THE ARMY

THIS IS IT! THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE!

AND THE SAFEST, CHASE!



THE TESTS OF THE NEW EXPLOSIVE WILL BE ON THE 17TH BUT, CHASE, ONLY YOU AND I KNOW THAT!



AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

AS I TOLD YOU, SIR, THIS MESSAGE WAS FOUND ON A SPY!



15 MINUTES LATER, IN THE SHOP THAT MASKS BRUCE'S ACTIVITIES



HAVE YOU ANY CLOISONÉ?



NOW, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, COLONEL?



JUST A MINUTE, MISS, YOU TOOK THE WRONG PORTFOLIO.



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT, COLONEL, STILL I'D BETTER HAVE GURK SHADOW HER. SERGEANT! FOLLOW THAT GIRL WHO JUST LEFT HERE.



YOU AND THE CHIEF OF RESEARCH, HUH? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



SO—THE GIRL'S LOUISE LOVELY, DANCER AT THE CLUB MADELON—NOW GURK, I WANT YOU TO TRAIL COLONEL JORDAN!



THAT NIGHT, DISGUISED WITH  
A FALSE MUSTACHE, BRUCE  
TRAILS CHASE.

IT'S EITHER CHASE OR JORDAN  
THAT'S SPILLING SECRETS!  
HERE'S CHASE NOW.



CHASE HAS BEEN HERE 2  
HOURS, AND HASN'T SPOKEN  
TO A SOUL!



AFTER THE DANCER LEAVES,  
BRUCE ENTERS HER APARTMENT

THIS "MIKE" SHOULD PICK  
UP THEIR VOICES.



LOOK INTO MY EYES AND  
TELL ME ~ ALL ~

THERE HAS  
BEEN NO CHANGE.  
THE 7TH. IS STILL  
THE DATE!

THAT NIGHT ~ THE DANCER'S SUITE

7TH. IS STILL ~ THAT'S CHASE  
THE DATE!

ALL RIGHT, BUT  
HE SOUNDS  
QUEER. AS IF  
HE WAS  
DRUGGED OR  
HYPNOTIZED!

NEXT DOOR, BRUCE LISTENS

COLONEL JORDAN, CHASE IS  
THE SOURCE OF THOSE SPIES'  
INFORMATION. NO, DON'T PICK  
HIM UP JUST HAVE HIM AT  
YOUR OFFICE AT 7:00 TONIGHT.  
I'LL BE THERE, DISGUISED!  
AND YOU MIGHT TELL GURK  
TO STOP FOLLOWING  
YOU. IT'S  
CHASE  
ALL RIGHT

NEXT DAY



COLONEL, HOLD HIM HERE!  
UNTIL 8:00 P.M. AND WATCH  
I'LL BE IN THE NEXT ROOM.



7 P.M.

ALL RIGHT, BRUCE  
HERE HE IS  
NOW



8 P.M.

I HEAR... AND OBEY!

CHASE! WHAT  
THE ~ COME  
BACK HERE!

LET HIM GO, COLONEL THE  
MAN'S HYPNOTIZED. HE  
DOESN'T KNOW HE'S BEEN  
GIVING INFORMATION TO  
THAT DANCER

BUT SHE  
COULDN'T GET  
THE INFORMATION  
TO HER ACCOMPLICES



WE'VE TAPPED HER PHONE  
AND WATCHED HER LIKE  
HAWKS!



I'M GOING TO THE  
CLUB TO TRY TO  
FIND OUT HOW  
IT'S DONE!

TONIGHT, LOVELY LOUISE  
LOVELY GIVES YOU A  
NEW ACT WITH NEW DANCES  
GIVE HER A GREAT BIG HAND



LATER, AT THE CLUB MADELOU

THE ACT IS NEW ~ ALL EXCEPT  
THIS TAPS WITHOUT MUSIC  
PART ~ I WONDER!



GREAT GUNS ~  
THE ~ 7TH. ~ IS ~ STILL ~  
THE ~ DATE ~ ... SO,  
THAT'S HOW IT'S  
DONE!!



SUDDENLY BRUCE  
BEGINS TO WRITE

I WONDER IF THOSE FOREIGNERS LEAVING NOW, ARE THE GUYS THAT PICK UP THOSE MESSAGES?



AS BRUCE FOLLOWS CHASE AND THE DANCER FROM THE CLUB

I SAW HIM WRITING  
HE MAY BE WISE!  
FOLLOW HIM, ANTON!



THEY'RE INSIDE ALL RIGHT'S NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PHONE JORDAN TO MAKE THE RAID!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MY FRIEND!



LOUISE, THIS IS ANTON! LET ME IN ~



WHO IS THIS?  
AN AMERICAN SPY,  
PROBABLY! HE WAS AT THE CLUB, AND FOLLOWED YOU HOME!



SEARCH HIM, LOUISE!



AN AUTOMATIC ~ AND WHAT'S THIS PAPER ~ "THE 7TH. IS STILL THE DATE," HE KNOWS. WE MUST SILENCE HIM SOMEHOW!



LET ME TRY! LOOK, YOU! LOOK IN MY EYES ~ LOOK DEEP, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!



I'M NOT A DOPE THAT GETS HYPNOTIZED AS EASILY AS CHASE!



SEE, LOUISE? IT'S BANG, BANG!

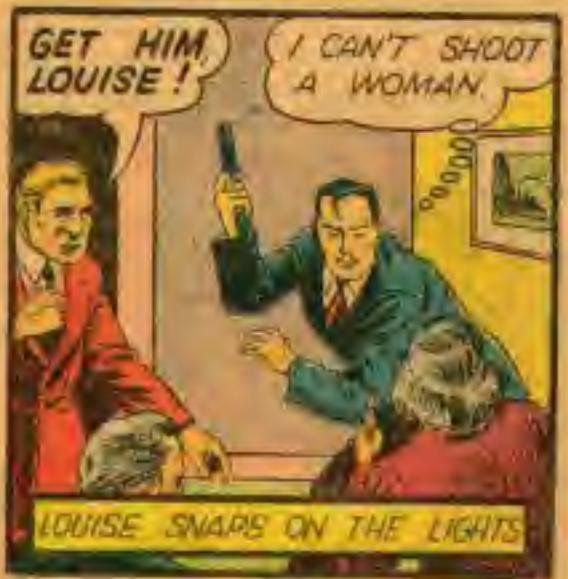
I'D BETTER CALL OTTO AND GET HIM OVER HERE!



IT'LL BE JUST LIKE OLD HOME WEEK!

OTTO, AN AMERICAN SPY IS WISE. ANTON AND I HAVE HIM HERE. WE MUST GET RID OF HIM! COME OVER!





# "THE VOICE"

ABOARD THE GHOST SHIP...

IT IS MIDNIGHT AS THE LINER SANTA DIOSA LEAVES NEW YORK HARBOR WITH A LIST OF DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS



IN STATEROOM NUMBER 13 A PASSENGER STANDS BEFORE A WASHBOWL...

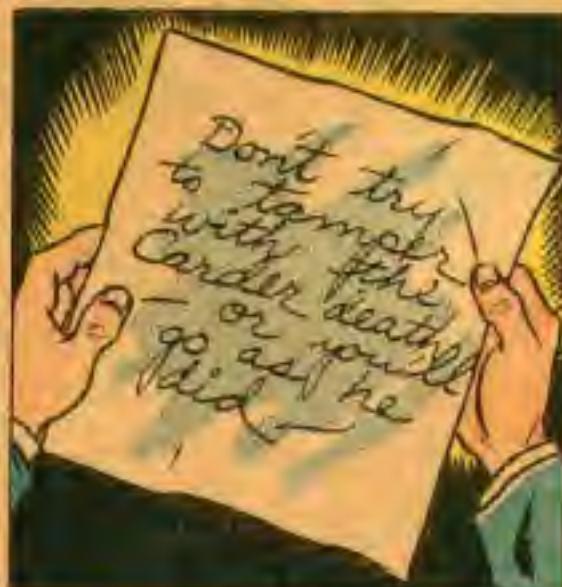


HELP!!



TWO OFFICERS DASH INTO THE CABIN AND...









# Antidote

BY ROBERT M. HYATT



Darrell entered the room in mortal terror. But he couldn't hedge now. He couldn't let his elder brother, Perry, know that he was frightened; he would laugh at him. Perry had warned him that two weeks' vacation in a "haunted house" might be fraught with dangers—real and imagined.

Darrell had been reluctant to tell Perry about last night. But he'd seen them—the *things*! He shuddered as he crawled into the damp bed and pressed his head against the pillow.

A slight creaking sound made him jump. The moonlight poured through the window. It blanched the bony whiteness of the stretch of dismal swamp that lay between the old house and the woods. It had been out there, that he'd seen *them*.

The house creaked again, hushing the crickets momentarily. The ancient structure was settling into the marsh. Built more than a hundred years, it had an eerie history linked with dark crime. It was "haunted," according to everyone in Coldvale, twenty miles across the Everglades. A fine place to spend a vacation!

Darrell buried his head in the pillow once more. The moonlight threw a terrifying pattern across the wall. It was like a face with deep-sunken cheeks; like—

With a stifled cry Darrell rose up on one elbow. His eyes roved the swamp. Yes, they were coming again tonight! They had crept to within a few paces of the house last night. Would they come closer tonight?

He heard them long before he saw them. Soft sucking sounds, like booted feet being withdrawn from thick mud. A sharp clicking came from the sodden air. Then a low whir, like the vibrations of a giant humming bird.

Then they came into view, their fat globular bodies waddling through the ooze—bodies almost bursting from some ghoulish repast.

They halted at the brink of the swamp, their vast ranks seemingly motivated by some telepathic command. Their grotesquely long antennae waved aloft, testing the wind. Then they came on, their horrible eyes, lidless and hate-filled, protruding from conical skulls.

Rank upon rank, their numbers were legion. When one fell, mired in the slough, it was as if a wave of solid darkness swept over him; he was crushed, gone into the deadly mire. There was no stopping to help the ill or weak.

Darrell watched with bulging eyes. His throat felt tight and his heart pounded. He could not scream. The utter fascination of that weird procession gripped him. Would—they—come—closer—tonight? Would they . . .

They weren't halting! They were coming on. They were almost under the window now!

The house creaked, lurched. A piece of wet plaster fell from the ceiling and a huge rat ran squeaking across the floor and out a hole in the corner.

Darrell felt cold sweat beading his forehead. Would the *things* actually enter . . . here?

A whispering sound came down the hall. It drew nearer. The sound became a roar, filling the old house.

"Perry!" shrieked Darrell. But he knew the cry hadn't passed his lips. It was as if a sheathing of solid ice enclosed him. He couldn't move.

*Something was in the room!* Darrell couldn't see it but he knew it was there. The door hadn't opened but the *thing* had entered just the same. The odor of death was a cold breath across his nostrils. He tried to scream again but the effort shut his burning throat.

Then a monstrous shadow blotted out the moon. A shape had struck against the window screen, clinging there with horrible taloned wings. The chattering of teeth rustled from the creature's dog-like mouth. A

vampire! A ghoulish bat that sucked the blood from corpses! Darrell had read about them. It was there now, its great wings spread across the rusted screen. If it got in . . . ! The screen was fragile . . . vampires attacked in the full moon . . . It must be in league with the—*things*! Guarding the window so he couldn't escape.

With a vicious snap of its jaws, the bat jerked loose and darted off into the steamy swamp. It seemed to be the signal for a host of night things to set up a weird cacophony of sound. A great horned owl moaned across the marsh. A tree toad piped a reedy note. Then a wild dog gave voice to his unearthly cry somewhere in the far distance. His sobbing lament quivered on the air, drawing to a wailing close. Wild dogs roamed in packs through the 'Glades. It was said they attacked men, and the men were never heard of again.

A soft rustling brought Darrell's head around. The presence in the room was not visible, but it was there, and the humming sound in the hall increased.

Darrell's rifle stood in the corner. Why in the world did he feel so shackled? He couldn't move a finger. Only his head and eyes worked. And his brain. That was the power these monsters had over you, Darrell thought. They hypnotized you, then swarmed over you, opening your veins . . .

The 'swamp fire' smoldered across the marsh now, glowing bright in



spots as wisps of wind touched it. The army of *things* was nowhere in sight. They had entered the house. What would they do to Darrell? What was wrong with Pete, their Collie? Perhaps he was dead by now. He had not barked once.

Then it was there, in front of him, filling the room with the shadows of its bloated body. Its antenna waved around. Its disc-like eyes burned into Darrell's. It came a step nearer the bed. Its mouth hung open, tasting the kill already.

A dark blotch crossed the floor. A bottle of poison had purposely been spilled there that afternoon.

The *thing* ventured close to the smoking poison, backed off a pace, then came on again. One of its tentacles shot out and dipped into the lethal liquid. Quickly it raised it to its lips. Again and again the creature dipped into the poison. Why didn't it die? It was immune, of course. Nothing could harm these swamp beasts.

Presently it was joined by one of its mates. Then another. Soon the room was half filled with the monsters. All of them attacked that poison as if it were nectar.

An alligator sounded his coughing, bellow deep in the swamp, and the wild dogs answered. They were evident! hot on the trail. Darrell vaguely wondered what kind of a fight a 'gator would put up against a pack of fierce canines. Once he had seen a small bear attack a 'gator. The bear roared and charged, the 'gator lashed out with its powerful tail. It had caught the bear across the body, hurling him ten feet. Stunned, the bear had charged again, only to be knocked sprawling once more. The 'gator had followed up, clamping tremendous jaws across the bear's neck. It had been bruin's end.

What was to be his—Darrell's—end? What would the *things* do after they had finished the poison? They would come for him! They had about consumed the dark liquid and now their enormous eyes were centered on their next victim.

The leader of the pack put a foot forward. Then he was crossing the room, his grotesque mates wobbling after. That humming sound rose again, filling the house with its strange vibrations.

The first of the *things* was at the

bedside now. Darrell felt his covers jerk. He screamed, and this time the sound leaped from his throat in a piercing blast.

A door slammed somewhere in the house. He heard running feet. Then his own door burst open. It seemed to Darrell that the entire house was falling upon him, crushing him under its ancient beams...

Something was shaking his shoulder, a voice sounded far off:

"Great Scot! It worked. Boy, that stuff is tops!"

It seemed that the sun was streaming into the room. There was Perry, grinning. He was holding a bottle in his hand—the bottle that had contained the poison.

"W-where are th-they?" Darrell got out.

"Dead!" Perry Scott exclaimed. "They won't bother us again. Maybe we can eat in peace after this."

Perry placed the empty bottle on the window sill. Its label was marked ANTPASTE.

**THE CURSE OF QUETZAL'**  
**A SPEEDY PERRY SCOTT YARN**  
**IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE**  
**OF FEATURE COMICS** ON SALE  
SEPT. 25TH

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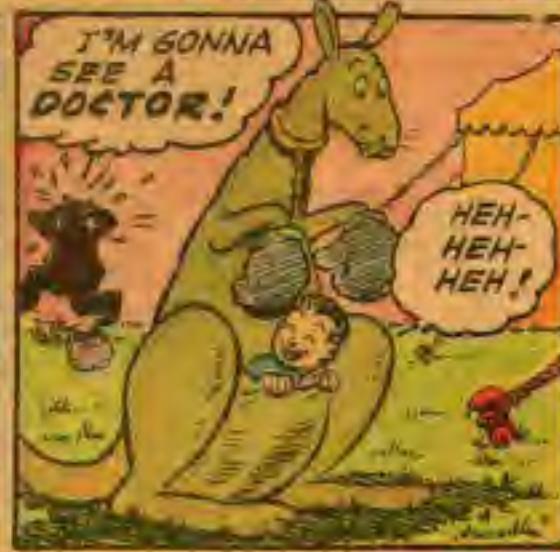
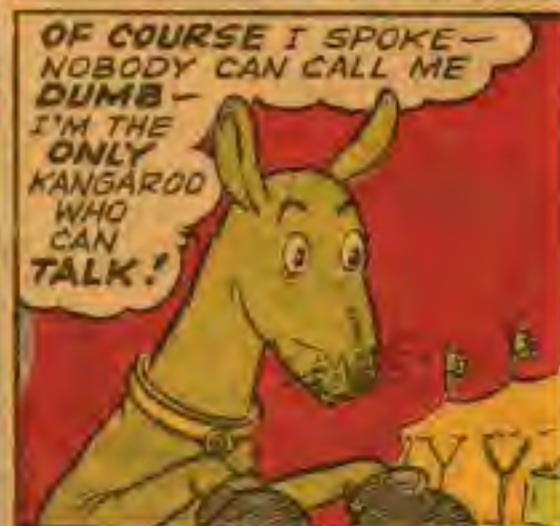
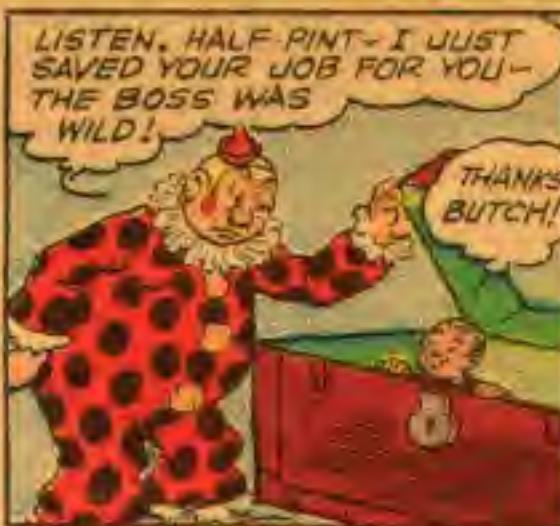


# Columbia

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE  
FIRST IN 1877, FIRST IN 1940

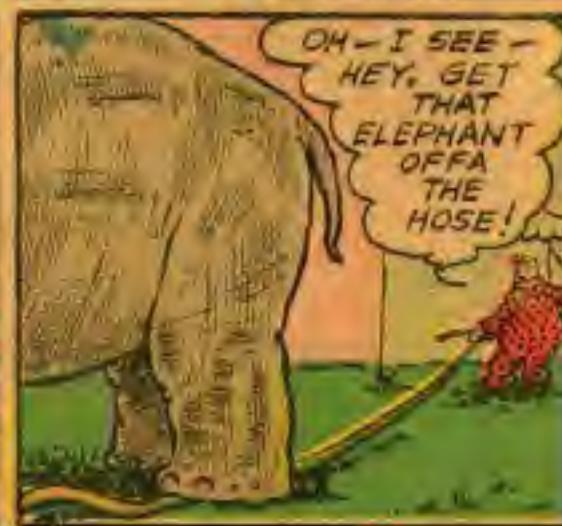
# BIG TOP

WHERE'S THAT DAINSONE MIDGET?  
I'M GONNA  
KICK HIM OFF  
THE LOT!



# BIG TOP

HEY BUTCH!



# DUSTY DANE

UNDER THE BLISTERING RAYS OF A TROPICAL SUN A BOAT DRIFTS AIMLESSLY.



AND LOLLING ON A DISTANT WHARF, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN SPY THE BOBBING OBJECT. MIKE JUMPS TO HIS FEET...



DUSTY! LOOK! IS THAT A BOAT?

IT IS! AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN IT!



COME ON, MIKE! LET'S SWIM OUT TO IT!



CLEAVING THE WATER WITH LONG, POWERFUL STROKES THEY SOON REACH THE BOAT...



OHHH! I...I... SICK...

EXPOSURE! TOO MUCH SUN AND NOT ENOUGH WATER!



SUDDENLY A HIGH POWERED CRUISE BREAKS THROUGH THE WAVES...



SHOTS! THAT CABIN BOAT, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!



IT'S DIMITRI! HE COME BACK!

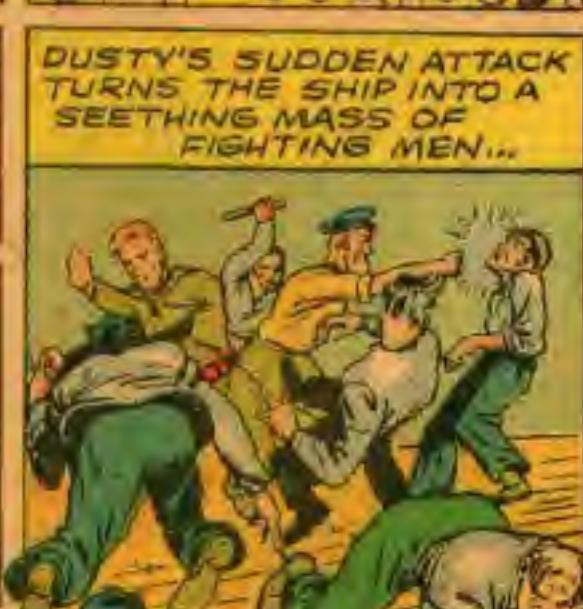


SET DOWN—AND HAND ME THAT RIFLE! START ROWING, MIKE!







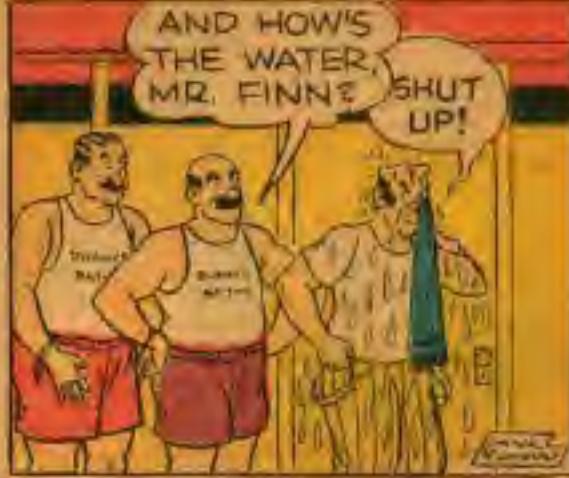


More of Dusty Dane in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



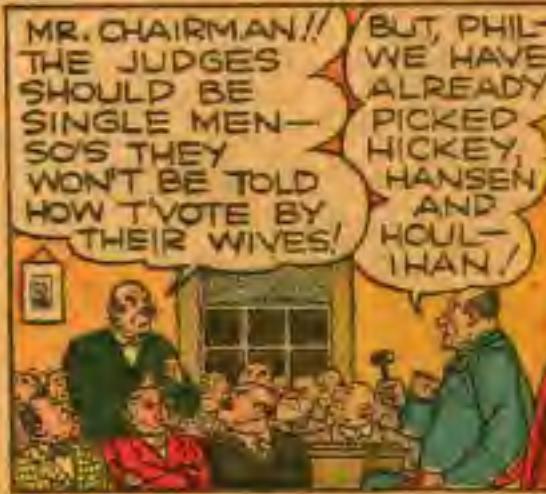
# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG



# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



# NIPPLE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

GEE, NIPPIE —  
DID YA MAKE  
THAT SWELL  
HAT YOURSELF  
? SURE / MY  
DAD GAVE  
ME A OLD  
HAT TO CUT  
UP!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

WHAT KIND  
OF A BOOK  
IS THAT  
YOU'RE  
READIN',  
MICHAEL?  
IT'S ABOUT A  
KING WHOSE  
EMPIRE FELL  
BECAUSE HE  
COULDN'T CONTROL  
HIS TEMPER — HE  
WAS LIKE YOU,  
UNCLE PHIL!

WHATTA YA  
MEAN "LIKE ME"!  
I CONTROL  
MY TEMPER  
AS WELL AS  
ANY MAN!  
I WHY---

NO, UNCLE  
PHIL --  
IT'S YOUR  
TEMPER  
THAT GETS  
YOU INTO SO  
MUCH TROUBLE

IS THAT SO!!!  
WELL I AINT  
GONNA SIT HERE  
AND BE  
INSULTED! I'M  
GOIN' TO BED --  
GOOD  
NIGHT

GOOD  
NIGHT,  
UNCLE  
PHIL!



Order your copy of the November issue of FEATURE COMICS now.

# SAMAR



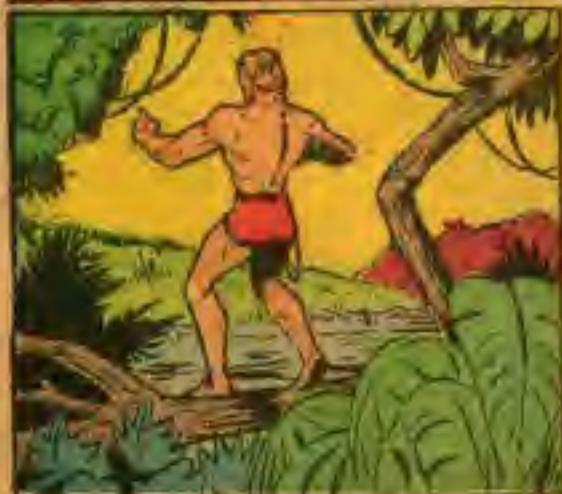
SAMAR WANDERS FAR AFIELD THROUGH FORBID-  
DING, BARREN COUNTRY.



EMERGING FROM THE WEIRD PASS, HE  
COMES UPON A VALLEY OF TROPICAL  
SPLENDOR.



HE IS ABOUT TO DIP IN A  
COOL INVITING POOL, WHEN...



SEIZING AN OVERHANGING VINE,  
SAMAR SWINGS OUT OVER THE  
TREACHEROUS WATERS.



AND WITH TERRIFIC STRENGTH  
GRABS THE IMPRISONED MAN  
FROM THE POOL OF DEATH...



SAMAR SWINGS SAFELY BACK  
TO SHORE WITH HIS BURDEN.



I AM GAOL, HUSBAND OF  
LEBA, OF THE AMAZON  
WARRIORS, WHO RULE  
US MEN!



I TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT  
THERE IS NO WAY OUT  
OF THIS VALLEY! EVEN  
NOW, LEBA AND I  
HER WOMEN ARE  
HUNTING  
ME!



AT THAT MOMENT, A SCORE  
OF BEAUTIFUL ARMOR-CLAD  
WOMEN LEAP INTO VIEW



GAOL! YOU WILL BE  
PUNISHED! AS FOR THE  
GIANT STRANGER, HE WILL  
MAKE ONE OF US A  
FINE MATE!



SAMAR, REFUSING TO FIGHT  
WOMEN WARRIORS, PERMITS  
HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED.



THEY ARE LED OFF INTO THE  
JUNGLE.



THE PROUD LEBA IS MARCH-  
ING AHEAD OF THE PARTY,  
WHEN...



A HUGE BOA CONSTRICCTOR  
DROPS FROM AN OVERHANG-  
ING BRANCH...



SAMAR RUSHES TO THE GIRL'S  
AID...



SPREADING THE REPTILE'S COILS  
HE FREES LEBA



GRABBING LEBA'S DAGGER, HE  
RUNS IT THROUGH THE SNAKE'S  
BRAIN...



THEY RESUME THEIR MARCH  
TOWARDS THE CITY



THIS IS NESBO,  
CITY OF THE  
AMAZONS!



SAMAR IS LED TO THE PALACE OF  
QUEEN SOPHO OF NESBO.



THE TALL ONE IS  
HANDSOME... I  
SHALL HAVE  
HIM FOR MY  
HUSBAND!

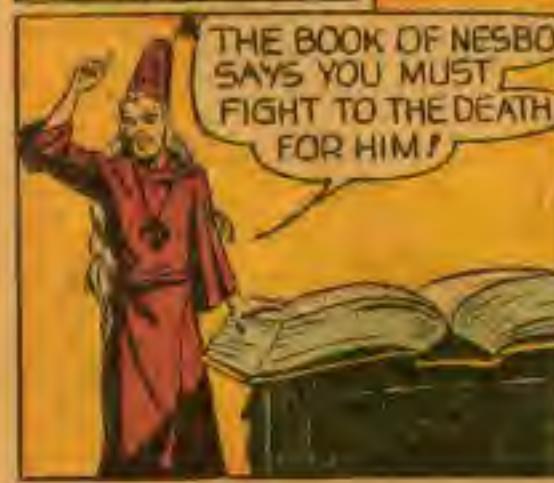


BY LAW, SOPHO... HE IS MINE.  
I CAPTURED HIM!



WE SHALL  
LET ISHTA  
DECIDE THAT!

A VENERABLE OLD WOMAN  
STEPS FORWARD.



THE BOOK OF NESBO  
SAYS YOU MUST  
FIGHT TO THE DEATH  
FOR HIM!

IN A HUGE ARENA THE TWO  
WOMEN PREPARE TO BATTLE  
FOR SAMAR'S HAND.



I CAN'T LET THEM  
KILL EACH OTHER!

STOP! IT IS USELESS  
TO FIGHT... I WANT  
NEITHER OF  
YOU!



YOUR WISHES DO NOT MATTER  
GUARDS! BIND HIM, SO THAT  
WE MAY CONTINUE!



SAMAR BOWLS OVER THE  
GUARDS AND RACES DOWN  
A CORRIDOR.



ONLY MY ESCAPE  
WILL END THIS  
QUARREL!



HIS BENEFACTOR LEADS HIM  
THROUGH LONG, WINDING  
LABYRINTHS.



THEY ENTER A HUGE CAVE . . .



YEARS AGO WE RULED  
NESBO, BUT WE BECAME  
WEAK AND LAZY AND OUR  
WOMEN BECAME STRONG.  
WE FELL EASY PREY TO  
THEM..BUT NOW WE  
SHALL OVERTHROW  
THEM AND YOU  
SHALL LEAD  
US!



I ACCEPT, BUT YOU MUST  
NOT BATTLE YOUR  
WOMEN TO CONQUER  
THEM. PERHAPS THERE  
IS ANOTHER WAY.



WHILE IN SOPHO'S THRONE  
ROOM.



DAYS LATER . . .



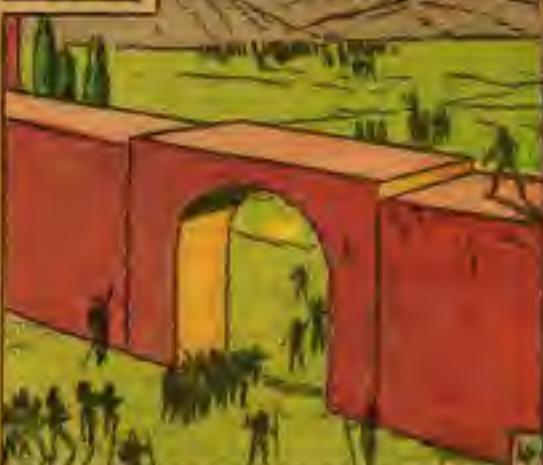
FROM HIGH ABOVE, A HORDE  
OF GIANT NUBIANS NEARS  
NESBO.



THE ATTACKING BLACKS POUR  
DOWN FROM THE HILLS.



SOPHO'S AMAZONS SWARM  
FROM THE CITY TO REPULSE  
THEM.



GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE AMAZONS ARE BEATEN BACK BY THE FIERCE NUBIANS.

THE SAVAGES SWEEP ON INTO THE CITY.

SOPHO BATTLES THE BLACKS VALIANTLY, WHEN.



SAMAR AND THE MEN OF NESBO RUSH INTO THE FRAY.

SAMAR SAVES SOPHO FROM A NUBIAN CHIEF'S ATTACK.



FINALLY THE INVADERS ARE DEFEATED.

I THINK I HAVE PROVEN THAT YOUR MEN ARE SUPERIOR WARRIOR'S, QUEEN!

HENCEFORTH, LET THEM TEND TO THE FIGHTING. AND YOU AND NYLO RULE TOGETHER!



THE NEXT DAY A RADICAL CHANGE COMES OVER THE WARRIOR WOMEN.

THAT NIGHT IN NESBO'S HUGE BANQUET HALL.

SAMAR BIDS FAREWELL TO NYLO AND SOPHO.



Another exciting adventure of Samar in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.



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"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. That comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost. Poda!

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"The real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a clear 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall close to th' ground if the slides outta my saddle-bolster or gets knocked from my hands by a buster!"

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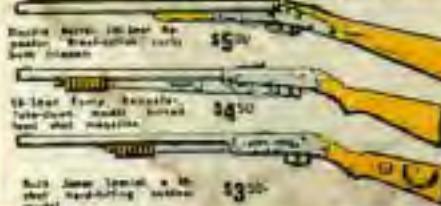


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\$2.50 Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader invention and Adjustable DOUBLE NOTCH REAR SIGHT. GET THIS 500-SHOT beauty in \$2.50 at Dealers or Direct. (Daisy added in Canada.)

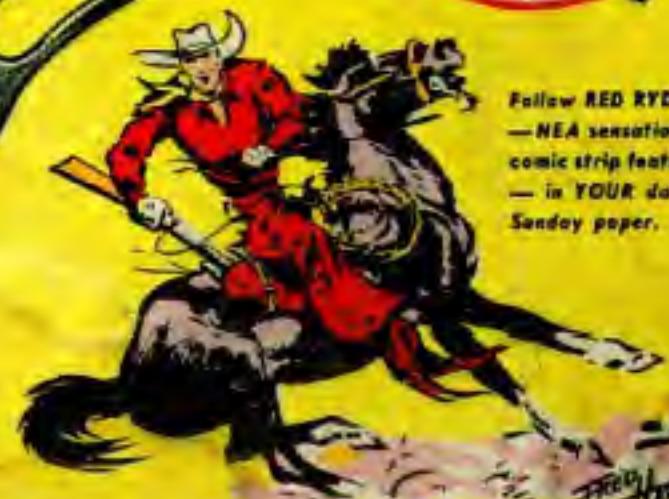


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—NEA sensational comic strip feature  
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